



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

whereupon was shed our fathers' blood, for the commencement of the Monument. To-day it is heard in honor of its completion. On that occasion, and on this, one idea has continually been impressed upon my mind. Not merely relating to the conflict of 1775; not to the ever-remembered victory which ushered in our national existence; nor to the scene which was the glorious dawn of our existence; nor to the mere military triumphs, glorious as they were in that battle-day which is first among our annals of the war. But I saw then and there, and see now, that peace has her triumphs, no less than more brilliant war.

There is a glory above that of the field of battle—there is a glory in the teeming prosperity around us—in the smiling myriads who to-day assembled on Bunker Hill—in the unbounded evidences of enterprise and happiness which we meet on every side. There is a glory above that of the battle-field—a peaceful, moral, religious, impressive glory, on which my mind has lingered. And though we to-day assembled on Bunker Hill and participated in the enthusiastic recollections of the moment, yet there are in our day and time, considerations which continually point us to the glories of peace rather than those of war.

I have myself been honored with a commission of *peace*, and am entrusted with the duty of bringing nearer together, if possible, the civilization of the old and new worlds—the Asiatic, European and American continents. For though, of old, it was from the East that civilization and learning dawned upon the civilized world, yet now the reflux tide of letters—knowledge, was rolled back from the West to the East, and we have become the teachers of our teachers. I go to China, sir, if I may so express myself, in behalf of civilization, and that, if possible, the doors of three hundred millions of Asiatic laborers may be opened to America. And if there is to be there another Bunker Hill monument, may it not be to commemorate the triumph of power over people, but the accumulating glory of peaceful arts, and civilized life?

Mr. Cushing then gave:—

*The Triumphs of Peace*—More renowned than those of war.

#### ITEMS FROM EXPERIENCE.

A WHOLE MAN.—In a village of A., I recently found a man whose history, as well as his character, interested me so much, that I cannot refrain from giving an outline of both.

My friend is a frank, warm-hearted, straight-forward Scotchman, the son of a washer-woman, in an obscure manufacturing city of Scotland. His father died young, and left his widow with several sons. James—I use a fictitious name—went one day to his father's grave, and while musing there, the thought came burning over him—"O that I could do for my *mother* as my father did!" He formed his plan; and, on becoming of age, he came directly to this country, and began to work as a machinist. The business being new, was profitable, and he soon earned a small sum, which he sent, forthwith, to his poor mother in Scotland; and thenceforward provided for her support as for his own.

Such sons God seldom fails to bless in the things of this life, and James was steadily prosperous. He acquired, ere-long, capital enough to start in business for himself, and came to A., where he purchased or built an establishment, and has continued, even in these hardest of all hard times, to make money fast and sure.

When James had got fully established in his business and his beautiful mansion, he sent his brother across the Atlantic to bring his aged, crippled mother, to spend the evening of her life under his roof. "I have looked," said his pastor to me, "with admiration upon his childlike devotion to that old mother. Born and bred in the Kirk, she must of course attend public worship; and, however inconvenient for him, James furnished her every means in his power of gratifying these wishes at all times. He had steps

made to help her down from his carriage with ease, and then he would almost carry her as she leaned on his shoulder, and hobbled slowly along with her cane or crutch, across the church to her son's pew. Often have I gazed," said the pastor, "upon the spectacle with a delight I could hardly refrain from uttering aloud; for I wanted to tell my young people, there learn to honor your parents in their old age, and thus secure God's blessing."

This man and his brother I found ready, each with his ten dollars, for the cause of peace; and they are equally ready for the support of other good objects. They are *whole* men, ready for *every* good work; not neglecting one to aid another, but giving their prayers, their efforts, and their money to all. Of these they have enough for every claim; and James, though as full of business as any other man in town, is punctual at all the devotional meetings of the church, and finds time enough for the calls of temperance, anti-slavery, and every other good cause.

CONFLICTING EXCUSES.—I have been amused by the variety and inconsistency of the grounds on which even good men of sense often excuse themselves from aiding the cause of peace.

"It is impossible," says one, "to accomplish your object, war has continued so long all over the earth, and human nature is so bad, that you can do nothing, but must wait God's time to do away this terrible evil, by an entire reconstruction of man's nature." To such a plea there *ought* to be no answer.

"True," says another, "you *could* bring war to an end, if good men would take hold of the work in earnest, but I fear you can never persuade them, as a body, to do so. You have been at work upon them for this purpose, I know not how long; but what have you done, or got *them* to do?" So, because *all* good men cannot be brought at once, or very soon, to their *whole* duty on this subject, *nothing* can be done!

"Why," says a third, "there is no need of any *more* effort in this cause. You have *gained your object already*; public opinion will never permit another war." Well, if this, or anything like it, is true, the cause of peace must have been marvellously successful. What vast results from small means! In twenty-five years, all Christendom spent, in the cause of peace, some \$100,000; not enough in a quarter of a century in this cause, to support her war-system more than a single hour; yet this alone has put an end to the actual occurrence of war among Christian nations. Surely such a cause must be a special favorite of heaven, and richly deserves a cheerful, vigorous support from all good men.

But is it so? True, much has been gained, vastly more than could have been expected; but the work is only begun, and needs to be prosecuted for ages with a large increase of energy. There is success enough to encourage far more zeal; but not enough to justify any relaxation of effort.

PEACE A PRACTICAL THEME.—Most people seem to suppose that peace is a subject too remote from common experience to have any special, practical bearing on themselves; but I have seldom preached on its details without reaching the conscience of my hearers, and rebuking a variety of practices in which even good men indulge. Whenever I speak of the war-spirit, of militia drills, of military parade, and training of children to a fondness for war, I find, on subsequent inquiry, that I have hit a multitude of offenders. Rarely have I touched points like these without being afterwards told how exactly I had described many of my hearers, as much so as if I had previously inquired into their history. The truth is, multitudes of good men are indulging on this subject, in views, feelings and practices which they have never suspected to be wrong, but which ought to be exposed and rebuked. They are, in fact, educating their own children for war, and still regard themselves as stanch, consistent friends of peace; but almost as well might you call that man a friend of temperance who is training up a family of drunkards.